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**Overland Ships 4,758
Cars in a Week!**

"New records in shipment of completed cars have been established by the Willys-Overland Co., of Toledo, Ohio, in a week ended April 15. The company finished, packed and shipped in that week 4,758 cars, exceeding by nearly three hundred cars the largest previous shipment, which amounted to 4,460 cars, in the week ending April 18."—Copied from the "Automobile Topics."

Think it over—794 Overlands a day or more than 33 Overlands per hour, figuring 24 hours per day, one Overland every 109 seconds. It takes 16,925 men and over 2,000 women in the Willys-Overland factory to accomplish the above results, and still behind on delivering the cars. THERE IS A REASON WHY, more value for the dollar. We offer better service for the Overland than any other car in the country.

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Buy your tires direct from our factory and save from 20 to 30 per cent.

These tires are twice as thick through the tread as ordinary makes and are a combination of the best brands such as Goodrich, Goodyear and Firestone. They are strongly built and reinforced by new, superior method, making a finished product unequalled for hard usage and pleasure purposes. Used by individuals and business concerns. Don't delay, but order today and do away with your tire troubles. To introduce in your territory we offer the following prices:

30x3	\$8.50	34x4	\$17.25
32x3	8.75	35x4	17.50
30x3 1-2	10.75	35x4 1-2	22.50
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31x4	14.25	35x5	25.25
33x4	16.55	37x5	27.50

All other sizes also furnished.
TERMS—Cash with order. Make remittance by certified check, draft or P. O. money order. When ordering, state whether clincher, quick detachable clincher or straight side bead is desired.
For 5 days we offer 5 per cent discount where two or more tires are ordered at one time.

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Two Races

**They Occurred on the
Corso at Rome.**

By F. A. MITCHEL

One of the principal streets, if not the principal street, in Rome is the Corso, so called from the fact that formerly it was used for racing horses. Gradually it was built upon and finally abandoned as a track and paved. But the citizens of medieval Rome were wont to assemble there, occupying stands erected there for the purpose of seeing the thoroughbreds run.

One afternoon a party of ladies and gentlemen occupied seats on one of these stands, among whom was a young lady noted for her kindness of disposition, as well as beauty. Bianca Cellini had just come to a marriageable age—much younger in Italy than in colder climates, especially in those days. Among her admirers were two young men, Edgardo Brandini and Roberto Carancola.

Brandini was a scholarly person, though manly and fond of athletic sports. Carancola was a descendant of the Medici family, which at an earlier date had been very powerful and some of them steeped in crime. Both these young men were to ride their own horses in the race about to take place on the Corso, and the principal betting was on one or the other of their animals.

It being known that Bianca Cellini was receiving the attentions of these two principal participants in the race, a great deal of curiosity was aroused among her friends as to which one she would prefer to win. Yet so guileless was her face, and withal so devoid of any expression of approbation of either, that it did not seem probable she could have a preference. At races every one bets, and two of her friends made a bet that before she left the Corso she would show her feelings either for Edgardo Brandini or Roberto Carancola.

When the riders dashed by, Brandini in the lead, it was hoped by these two betting men that she would give some sign by which their bet might be decided. But if there was any pleasurable excitement in seeing Brandini in the lead or Carancola behind, there was not sufficient evidence of either to warrant a decision.

When the race was finished Brandini was the winner, Carancola coming in third. Carancola was riding sullenly back past the stand where Bianca Cellini was seated. She called to him to join her party that she might in the kindness of her heart soothe his wounded feelings at his defeat. Dismounting he went to her and the sympathy he saw in her face took away something of his disappointment. But in another moment Brandini rode by, receiving the acclamations of the people as the victor. Bianca, turning from Roberto, waved to Edgardo, showing every evidence that she gloried in his triumph.

Now, this was quite enough irritating to Carancola without what followed. The man who had bet that Bianca would show a preference for Brandini said in a voice loud enough to be heard, "I've won." The other said nothing, but it was evident that he assented. Carancola flashed a quick glance at them and understood what the bet was about without being told.

There was that in this sudden transition from sympathy for him to delight at the success of his rival, to say nothing of the attendant incident, that embittered Carancola against the girl as well as the man she favored. It was the beginning of a smoldering fire that grew more malignant as Roberto saw that his rival was every day getting nearer to the possession of the prize he coveted. Then when the betrothal between Edgardo and Bianca was announced it burst forth with all the bitterness of an angry serpent.

Bianca, who from time to time met with Carancola, was perfectly aware of his feelings toward his rival, though she did not realize that an equal hate toward her was growing up within him. She did all she could to soothe him, always greeting him with a smile and passing his venomous words without notice. But Carancola had in him some of the blood of the De' Medici who in a fit of passion had killed two of his own children. He was not to be placated. While she was endeavoring by her sweetness of disposition to neutralize his madness, he was plotting to vent it upon her as well as her lover.

At one end of the Forum stone steps lead up to the capital. Edgardo Brandini was one night ascending these steps when Roberto followed him and, approaching him noiselessly, plunged a stiletto in his back, killing him instantly.

When Bianca saw the dead body of her lover for a time her family despaired of her reason. When she came out from the influence of the crushing blow it was believed that she would take the veil. However, weeks passed, then months, while she remained within her home and was seen by no one. Then suddenly she appeared again in the world. But how changed! The difference was not physical. If stricken bodily she did not show it. Her face was not pale, her youthful beauty had not been impaired, but the Madonna-like expression in her face was gone, and in its place—so said those who

knew her most intimately—had come a strange, faraway look that they could not fathom.

There was no evidence as to who had killed Brandini, though every effort was made to discover his murderer. Only one person knew with certainty who had stabbed him, and that was his betrothed. But she never breathed a suspicion. Had she done so it would have availed nothing, for in those days the science of obtaining evidence against criminals was not what it is today. Besides, at that time law was lax and persons were inclined to take their differences with their neighbors into their own hands.

Carancola supposed that even if Bianca did not denounce him she would treat him as her lover's murderer. What was his surprise then when on their first meeting after the murder she seemed to incline herself to him for sympathy. His heart leaped with a sudden hope. Could it be that in her innocence she did not lay the crime at his door? Would it be possible after all to win her? He spoke kindly to her, and his words and manner appeared to give her comfort. He did not see that strange look in her eye which her friends had noticed, or if he did he did not attempt to interpret it. What he looked for was a reliance on him for comfort that might develop into love. Her own manner was altered. He seemed to regret his former harsh words. Indeed, he told her that they had been caused solely by the fact that he had no hope of possessing her.

Bianca seemed, too, to crave to replace that love of which she had been deprived. At least this was the view Roberto took of her bearing toward him. At first he was chary of his visits to her, but increased their frequency. She, too, showed a warmer welcome every time he came. One thing, however, he noticed that puzzled him. She did not spend long hours with him. Sometimes she excused herself after a short time with him by saying that she was unavoidably called away to some duty. Sometimes she pleaded indisposition and did not receive him at all.

A time came when Bianca appeared again in the gay world. Her gentle bearing was replaced by an apparent recklessness. From a modest maiden she seemed to have passed to a woman of the world. That was a time when the higher classes were profligate. Bianca mingled with the gayeties, but was not herself dissipated. She accepted no marked attention from any man except Carancola. Some who knew of the rivalry that had existed between him and Brandini were surprised that she would be satisfied with the one in place of the other, and a few who suspected Carancola of having put his rival out of his way turned against her, but the general opinion was that she had been undecided between the two and, having lost the one, was ready to accept the other.

A year from the death of Edgardo Brandini came round and brought again the races on the Corso. Bianca had told him, out of respect to opinion, that she would not accept him till the twelve months after her bereavement had passed. He had intended to take no part in the races in deference to her feelings, her former lover having taken a conspicuous part in them the year before, but she urged him to do so. Anything she wished was a command to him, and he was glad to obey this one, for a colt that he had been raising had come of a proper age to run and was sure to win.

Carancola on the eve of the race was in high spirits. He was about to be betrothed to the girl he had so long loved, and since he alone knew of the merits of his horse was enabled to put out numerous bets with odds in his favor. If there was a gnawing of conscience within him he did not show it. He was busy making his preparations and saw but little of his betrothed.

The concourse was assembling on the Corso, and men were discussing the relative merits of the horses and making their bets. The stands were filling up, and among the parties occupying the seats was one including Bianca Cellini. As admirers looked up at her from below they saw a different person from the one who had been in her place a year before. Her beauty had bloomed, but instead of the soft cheek, the childlike brow, there was that look which no one could understand. In her corsage was a single rose, which would have been more in keeping with the girl of a year before than now.

Bianca had told Roberto to come to her immediately before he started in the race. He did so, and with a smile she handed him the rose from her belt and said:

"Before the signal to go, inhale its fragrance, and I promise you it will win you the race."

Promising to do so, he left her and within a few minutes after breathing in the odor of her gift was madly tearing down the Corso with the other runners.

Something occurred near the goal. An accident, some said. Whatever it was, it threw a chill over the concourse. Presently a horseman came back and, riding up to the stand where Bianca sat, told her that Roberto Carancola had fallen from his horse just before making the goal far in advance of all other competitors and had been killed.

There was a relaxation of that strange look on Bianca's face, and in its place came the marks of the great grief which had settled there after the death of Edgardo Brandini. From the Corso she retired to a convent, which she never left.

A friend of Bianca's, who was near Carancola when he fell, took a rose from his body which he had worn in the race and noticed a peculiar odor in the flower. Taking it home with him, he had it analyzed by a chemist. It had been sprinkled with a deadly poison.

The Adjustable Knife Weeder

Patented by H. D. Clayton,
January 27, 1903

The Adjustable Knife Weeder has been in use by the farmers of Graham county during the past fifteen years.

It is made to take one row, or two rows, or three rows, the first time over, on all crops planted with the lister.

It is all steel and iron, except the connecting plank.

It is the lightest weeder made, and also the strongest, built to last a life time.

It pulls lighter than any other kind of a weeder.

The knives can be adjusted to any desired position.

The knives can be reversed, doubling their usefulness.

The connecting plank rests on rollers, at both ends, reducing the side friction.

The weight of the driver can be shifted to suit conditions.

The steel runners are easily replaced, if they should ever wear out.

The "V" hitch controls the machine perfectly.

Its open construction gives it light weight.

Its complete system of bracing makes it extra strong.

The knives can be kept sharp cheaper than you can buy oil and grease for wheels and dics.

It has no boxing nor spindles to wear out.

It does away with costly repair bills.

It will get the weeds at any stage of their growth.

It does perfect work in heavy weeds that no other weeder can handle.

It leaves the ground in the best of condition for any succeeding cultivation.

It does not throw the soil away from the corn.

It does not pitch the dirt up to the center of the ridge, and make your horses lame to walk on it the next time over.

It does not roll the dirt over and over, to lose its moisture in a dry time.

It leaves the row in better shape, and the ridge in better shape, than any other machine made.

It is not only a weeder, but a cultivator as well. Even if you have no weeds, it will do better work "the first time over" than any other machine.

It is the right thing in the right place for "the first time over" in all listed crops.

It was invented by a Graham county farmer fifteen years ago, and now a small factory, equipped with special machinery, is making them at Hill City.

It is manufactured and sold by H. D. Clayton, Hill City, Kansas. Write for prices and further information. adv. 13 tf.

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Where Our Names Came From

Once upon a time given names were the only names in use. It was Tom, Dick or Harry, and that is all there was about it. Our present surnames arose from nick-names. Thus Tom the tailor became Tom Taylor and his descendants used it as a family name.

The most familiar of our surnames were taken from the occupations of our forefathers, as the Smith's, Baker's, Brewer's, etc. Many men moving to new towns had the name of the old residence as a surname. Others took names like Pope, King and Bishop, Hogg and Bacon. Purcell developed from Pourcel, meaning a little pig. Galt and Gric are dialect words of the same meaning. Tod meant Fox and Fittie was pole cat, and so the keen students of languages trace from the beginning the origin of our names in the old dialect. Some of the nicknames were originally distinctively uncomplimentary, as Seelley for silly and Cameron for crooked nose. Grace developed from gras or fat.—The American Boy.

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